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SCENES IN THE UNION
DEPOT

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BOSTON

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Scenes in the Union Depot

A Humorous Entertainment in One Scene

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BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO

Scenes in the Union Depot

CHARACTERS

TICKET AGENT.

DEPOT MASTER.

MAN AT LUNCH AND CANDY STAND.

BOOTBLACK.

MRS. SNYDER and daughter MIRANDA.

MRS. LARKIN.

MISS SOPHIA PIPER.

MR. JONES.

WOMAN and BABY.

UNCLE JOHN.

JOSIAH POTTER and wife NANCY.

MR. ARMSTRONG and five small children.

THREE SCHOOLGIRLS (DOT, BESS and TRIX).

DUDE.

MRS. AMELIA HUMMER.

TWO ITALIAN MUSICIANS.

MR. and MRS. MARTINDALE.

BRIDE and GROOM.

TWO YOUNG LADIES (ROSY and MOLLY).

TWO YOUNG MEN (ROB and DICK).

CASSY and JUPITER, and FATHER.

COLLEGE QUARTETTE.

LILY, ELIZA, GEORGE, and MR. WHITE (*colored*).

HAROLD and FLOSSIE (*elopers*).

MR. and MRS. LINTON (*Flossie's parents*).



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DIRECTIONS

To imitate sounds of trains, tack two pieces of coarse sand-paper on boards and rub together to make sound of escaping steam. Ring large bell and shake walnuts, or something similar, in a barrel. The sound of car wheels over switches may be made by successive jars of a window-sash. In imitating sounds of departing trains a snare drum may also be used.

Stage set in imitation of a railway station. Window for ticket agent; candy and lunch stand; railroad maps on wall; seats or benches as near like those found in depots as can be procured. Such are often found in shoe stores. One row should be near the front for important characters. One door at left rear for outgoing and one at right rear for incoming passengers. Door at side for street entrance.

NOTE.—In several instances one person may take two parts, thus lessening the total number of people required.

A few passengers who have no special part come and go, buy tickets, and patronize the lunch stand.

Scenes in the Union Depot

SCENE.—*Union Depot waiting room. Curtain rises showing two men asleep, a Bohemian woman with large basket, MRS. BROWN and JOHNNY, and TICKET AGENT at his window.*

MRS. BROWN (*shaking JOHNNY*). Wake up, Johnny, it's 'most time for the train. The ticket agent says it'll be here in just ten minutes. (*JOHNNY rubs his eyes, yawns, and falls asleep again while his mother opens a lunch box and takes out a large, thick slice of bread and butter. MRS. BROWN shakes JOHNNY again.*) Wake up, Johnny, and eat your breakfast. (*JOHNNY takes a large bite and drops asleep. MRS. BROWN wakes him again and makes him eat, and drink milk from a bottle until the sound of an arriving train is heard.*) Hurry up—drink faster—the train's coming.

JOHNNY (*with mouth full of food*). I don't want any more.
MRS. B. Well then, hang on to the bottle and come on.

(*DEPOT MASTER calls train. MRS. B. hastily picks up bundles and exits at left rear, leading JOHNNY by the hand. Passengers from incoming train enter at right rear. Among them are MRS. LARKIN, MR. JONES, MISS PIPER, MRS. SNYDER and MIRANDA. BOOTBLACK carries grip for MR. JONES.*)

MRS. LARKIN (*to AGENT*). When does the next train leave for Coffinbury?

TICKET AGENT. Four o'clock, madam.

MRS. L. Four o'clock! Eight hours to wait! Guess I'll have a chance to get acquainted with quite a few folks in that time. (*Buys ticket and takes seat. MR. JONES also buys ticket.*)

BOOTBLACK (*to MR. JONES*). Shine, mister? (*MR. JONES nods assent.*)

MRS. SNYDER (*after piling bundles and baskets on seat and floor*). Land sakes, Mirandy, go right back and get my umbrella. I've left it on the cars.

MIRANDA. Why, Ma Snyder, you tied it on to ye.

MRS. S. Laws a me, so I did and here it is. Hang on to that hand-bag, Mirandy, I couldn't get along without them pills that's in it no way. (*Looking around.*) I don't see your Uncle John nowhere. He said he'd meet us. (*To AGENT.*) Have you seen a man 'round here lookin' for me and Mirandy?

AGENT. No, madam.

BOOTBLACK. I guess I seen him. Did he have a wart on the end of his nose and a big black mole on the left cheek?

MRS. S. (*indignantly*). Keep still, you young urchin, you don't need to tell everybody 'bout it. It ain't nothin' 'gainst a body to have moles and warts. (*Enter UNCLE JOHN at street entrance looking about.*) There's Uncle John now. Here we be, John. (*They meet, shake hands, and kiss.*) How's Emmeline?

UNCLE JOHN. She's fine, as you will soon have a chance to see. Have you any luggage?

MRS. S. Luggage! Well I should say so. This satchel and bandbox is ourn, and so is this pail of pie-plant jam, and this basket of head cheese and pickled pigs' feet. (*MIRANDA drops a basket.*)

MIRANDA. Oh, my! What's in this basket?

MRS. S. Why, Mirandy, it's them eggs we's taking to Emmeline. (*Peeks in basket.*) You've broke ev'ry last one of 'em, so you have. I packed 'em in your green silk waist so's to protect 'em.

MIRANDA (*whining*). Why, Ma Snyder! Now I can't go to Cousin Maria's party.

UNCLE JOHN. Don't worry, your Aunt 'Lizbeth'll fix you up. Is this all, Susan?

MRS. S. (*looking around*). I left home with an umbrella, but the land knows where 'tis now.

MIRANDA. Why ma, you tied it —

MRS. S. Oh, yes, yes, yes. It's most as much bother to tie it to ye as it is to carry it in your hand. But I hain't lost it yet anyhow. There's another basket, Mirandy. What's become of it?

MIRANDA. What was in it?

MRS. S. Why, it was that old fightin' rooster we killed this

mornin'. (To MRS. L.) Excuse me, madam, but I believe this is the basket here by you.

MRS. L. (*indignantly*). Excuse me, madam, but it is not. This is my basket.

MRS. S. Well then, we must have left it on the cars. I'd rather it would be that, though, than my umbrelly. (*Picks up bundle.*) I guess now we've got all that belongs to us. How glad I'll be to see Emmeline.

(*Exeunt* UNCLE JOHN, MRS. S. and MIRANDA at street entrance. At same entrance enters a woman in great haste carrying a baby. She looks quickly about and approaches MR. JONES.)

WOMAN. Oh, kind sir, won't you hold my baby while I go and find my little boy? He got away from me in the crowd.

MR. JONES. I couldn't think of it, madam. My train will be here in a very few minutes.

WOMAN. Oh, but I'll be back in just a minute. I must find little Harry.

(*Puts baby into his arms and exits hastily. MR. J. holds baby awkwardly, and nervously looks often at his watch.*)

MISS PIPER (to MR. J.). Is this your youngest?

MR. J. N-no, it's the oldest.

MISS P. Well, now, you don't mean to say there's another younger. Mebbe it's a twin.

MR. J. It's not a twin, madam, and there's no youngest or oldest about it. I think he wants you to hold him—I'm sure he does. Give your paddy to the lady, Willie, Billy, or whatever your name is.

MISS P. Oh, no, babies always cry when I take them. He'd rather stay with his papa, I know he would. Wouldn't you, baby?

MR. J. Madam, this is not my child. A woman forced it into my arms while she went to find her little boy. My train will be here in five minutes. I am on my way to be married and it will never do to take this child with me. Won't you have mercy on me and hold the child until its mother returns?

MISS P. But mebbe she won't return.

MR. J. But she will. (DEPOT MASTER *calls train.* MR. J. *rises and picks up grip.*) Won't some one have pity on me and take this baby? What would Molly think—what would

her folks think! Oh, I never was in such a plight before.
(*To Miss P.*) You must take him, madam, you must.

(*Puts child in her arms and rushes out. Sound of departing train.*)

MISS P. Mercy on me! What can I, a poor lone female, do with this baby if its mother never comes back. Somebody's always imposing on them that has no one to lean upon. What shall I do?

MRS. L. I guess all you can do is to set still and wait till the mother comes back.

Enter JOSIAH and NANCY POTTER at street entrance.

BOOTBLACK (*to JOSIAH*). Shine, mister?

JOSIAH. Wall now, Bub (*looking down at shoes*), ye don't think ye could do a better job'n that, do ye? My friend's private bootblack fixed 'em up. We've been in the city two weeks visitin' some rich folks and my shoes have been shined like this ev'ry day. They won't need blackin' again fer a year. If you'd jest tackled me on the way in, Bub, you'd likely got a job.

(*JOSIAH and NANCY takes seats; MISS P. carries baby around and nervously watches the doors.*)

MRS. L. (*to NANCY*). So you've been visiting friends in the city, have ye?

NANCY. Yes, we took a sudden start one day and jest locked up the house and went.

MRS. L. What train be ye goin' to take?

NANCY. The ticket man said it would be goin' in half an hour. You see we believe in bein' on time. I'd ruther wait a whole hour than run up too near the time.

MRS. L. I s'pose ye see lots of sights and had lots of good things to eat.

JOSIAH. Wall, as fur as the eatin's consarned I shall be glad to get back home and set down to a bowl of puddin' and milk. I don't think them Welsh rabbits are any better'n the common kind that run back of our barn. As fer eatin' soup with a fork, I jest couldn't do it. Ye see Nancy kept at me all the way in 'bout eatin' with my fork, so I s'posed I'd got to eat ev'rything with it—soup and all. Another time——

NANCY. Oh, say, Josiah, did you get them pictures Mrs. Beebe sent after?

JOSIAH. Blast it! I forgot the name of one of 'em an' 'tother one I couldn't find nowheres.

NANCY. How disappointed she'll be! You're sure you got the name right?

JOSIAH. Land, yes! I asked for Minervy at the Pump ev'ry time.

NANCY. Josiah Potter! It was the Goddess Minerva and Rebekah at the Well that she wanted. That's the man of it!

MRS. L. What a bother it is to do errands for other folks. I've stopped it—I won't be bothered in that way any more. No great things happened to ye while ye's in the city?

JOSIAH. Nothin' serious. (*Laughs.*) Guess I'll have to give ye Nancy's experience. Ye see we got separated one day while we's goin' 'bout the city and couldn't find each other nowheres. When it got to be dinner time Nancy, not bein' used to them funny kind of doors, goes in behind 'em and asks for somethin' to eat. She says she got a good square meal, but it wouldn't do to let the folks at home get wind of it 'cause she'd never hear the last of her eatin' dinner in a saloon.

NANCY. I went in there 'cause it said a good dinner for twenty-five cents. 'Twan't no worse than for you to be hustled off to the perlice station, Josiah.

MRS. L. How's that?

NANCY. Well, you see Josiah kept looking for me in all the stores and peekin' into the women's faces till they 'rested him as a 'spicious character.

JOSIAH. Nothin' serious happened to us, though. We found each other 'fore dark. It's queer how they run some things in the city. A gal in one of the stores asked me if I didn't want a hand satchel for my wife. I was lookin' on 'em over. Says I, why, yes, I reckon she'd like one frustrate. I thanked her as perlite as I knew how and started off with it. I hadn't got to the door 'fore somebody grabbed me by the collar an' 'cused me of stealin' it. I s'posed that was one of them days they was givin' things away like ye read 'bout in the paper. Right after that I stepped on a woman's dress an' tore off 'bout two yards of rufflin'. It didn't make her look very happy. I couldn't hear jest what she said, but 'twas somethin' 'bout an old goose.

NANCY. Why, Josiah Potter! How awful you acted.

JOSIAH. There's one thing I didn't do. It said on one of them big store winders: "Come in an' have a fit." I hurried right by. I've never had a fit yet an' I ain't a goin' to if I can help it. Oh, Nancy, I most forgot that I bought a pres-

ent for ye. They was sellin' jewelry awful cheap in one of the stores, most givin' it away, so I bought ye some earrings. The fellow said they had diamonds in 'em.

NANCY. How much did ye pay for 'em?

JOSIAH. Two dollars.

NANCY (*examining them*). Josiah Potter! They ain't worth two cents. You jest throwed that money away. You made a big fool of yourself that time, Josiah.

JOSIAH. It beats all how many fools there be in the world, then, for most ev'rybody was buyin' 'em.

NANCY. But there ain't any holes in my ears; they growed up long ago.

(*Sound of arriving train.*)

JOSIAH. That's our train. (*Picks up bundles. DEPOT MASTER calls train.*)

NANCY (*to MRS. L.*). If you ever get anywhere near Pottersville come an' see us.

MRS. L. I surely will. [*Exeunt JOSIAH and NANCY.*]

Enter passengers. Among them are MR. ARMSTRONG and five children. Two little girls are hanging to his coat crying, a baby is in his arms, and two boys are fighting over a bag of peanuts. MR. ARMSTRONG buys his ticket and sits down.

MR. ARMSTRONG. Boys, stop your fighting.

PETER. If Thomas Jefferson don't let me have some peanuts I'll bust his head open. (*Girls cry louder.*)

MR. A. Stop your crying, girls, or you will wake Nathaniel up.

SARAH (*slapping her father's arm*). I don't want to go to Aunt Mary's. She's cross.

MR. A. All right, we'll leave you here in the depot.

SARAH. I don't want to stay here, either.

MR. A. Peter, if you don't behave I'll lick you. Give me that bag of peanuts.

PETER. There ain't any peanuts it it. Thomas Jefferson et 'em all up.

MR. A. Shame on you, Thomas. Don't let me hear anything more from either of you until the train comes. Oh, the trials of a widower with five children!

MISS P. You have quite a charge, I perceive.

MR. A. Indeed I have, madam. I've had it ever since Matilda was laid away under the sod.

MISS P. (*sighing*). Misery likes company.

MR. A. Are you in trouble, madam?

MISS P. Indeed I am, sir. You wouldn't mind having another child to look after, would you? (PETER *turns a somersault*.)

MR. A. Peter, behave. (*To Miss P.*) Not if the child was old enough to look after these little ones.

MISS P. But it's not. It's only a baby.

MR. A. Madam, you are not trying to dispose of your own child, are you?

MISS P. I haven't any child, sir. I am Miss Sophia Piper.

MR. A. Perhaps it is a nephew that you have charge of.

MISS P. I don't know who it is, nor what it is, nor how old it is, nor nothing about it. Its mother went off after another child and left it here and it don't look as if she was ever coming back after it.

MR. A. You have my sympathy, Miss Piper.

MISS P. And you have mine, Mister ——

MR. A. Armstrong.

MISS P. (*aside*). Oh, how supporting the name sounds.

MR. A. I cannot tell you how I appreciate your sympathy. A few moments ago I was discouraged, lonely and miserable, but my heart is lighter now.

MISS P. I'm so glad to be of any use to you—to any one.

Enter WOMAN leading little boy. Approaches Miss P.

WOMAN. Oh, how good you have been to keep my baby. Thanks ever so much. (*Takes baby.*) It took me the longest time to find Harry. I'm so much obliged to you, indeed I am. [*Exeunt WOMAN, baby, and little boy.*]

MR. A. Now you will be out of misery, I suppose.

MISS P. Really, I shall miss the little fellow for I was getting quite attached to him. Shan't I hold your baby awhile?

MR. A. You are very kind, but I wouldn't like to burden you with him. He is quite heavy.

MISS P. It wouldn't be a burden at all. I shall quite enjoy it. (*Takes baby.*)

MR. A. How charming and congenial some people are.

MISS P. (*aside*). I'm so glad he thinks so.

MR. A. Our train is due in just one hour but I wish it might be an hour late for the time is passing so pleasantly. Kindred spirits, you know.

BETTY. Pa, what's kindred spirits?

MR. A. Be quiet, Betty.

MISS P. I feel the same way.

MR. A. I judge that you, too, are lonely at times.

MISS P. Very lonely, indeed.

MR. A. Have you never longed for a pleasant home and some one to protect you?

MISS P. So often, oh, so often. Such a life would be so delightful, I'm sure.

MR. A. Matilda was a very happy woman. I protected her as long as I could, poor thing, and now I am protecting her children. It's pretty up-hill business.—Don't slap me so, Sarah—I feel at times that I ought to have help about it.

MISS P. You surely had, Mr. Armstrong. I think two could manage these children better than one.

MR. A. My dear Miss Piper, you are so good. Will you not be the one to help me?

MISS P. Oh, this is so sudden, Mr. Armstrong. I—well, really I —

MR. A. I pray you won't say me nay, for my happiness depends upon your answer.

MISS P. Really, Mr. Armstrong, you have drawn so upon my sympathies that I cannot say no.

MR. A. Oh, my dear Sophia, how bright life seems to me. I feel now that I can bear any and every trial. Mountains seem like mole hills.

BETTY. Pa, what's a mole hill?

MR. A. Keep quiet, Betty. (*To* MISS P.) There'll be time to hunt up a parson and be married right away. Shall we not unite our hearts, our hopes, our aims at once, dear Sophia?

MISS P. (*aside*). The sooner the better. (*To* MR. A.) I'm ready.

MR. A. Come, my precious children, your father is going to be made very happy.

PETER. Be you goin' to a circus?

THOMAS J. Can we have some more peanuts?

MR. A. The very first thing I shall do will be to buy a whole bag for each of you. [*Exeunt at street entrance.*]

Enter at same entrance three girls from the city talking and laughing. Sound of arriving train. Enter passengers, including two ITALIANS, DUDE, and Mr. and Mrs. MARTINDALE.

BESS (*pointing to DUDE*). Look, look, girls, we're just in time to witness the grand arrival. Isn't he stunning?

DOT. Loveliest of the lovely. Just wait till he sees us.

TRIX. Look, girls, he's changing his gloves.

BESS. Such lily-white hands.

DOT. He's mama's darling.

TRIX. And papa's little man.

BESS. And aunty's pet.

BOOTBLACK (*to DUDE*). Have a shine, yer honor?

DUDE (*looking down at shoes*). These are patent leathers, don't yer know.

(*Takes mirror from pocket and adjusts cravat and twirls mustache.*)

DOT. Bess, go and ask the ticket agent for a handbox to put him in.

(*DUDE sees girls and walks over to them.*)

DUDE. Handsome day, girls.

TRIX. Quite.

DUDE. Balmy breezes, don't yer know.

DOT. Rather too breezy for freshies, don't yer know.
(*DEPOT MASTER calls train.*) Come on, girls, or we will miss our train.

[*Exeunt girls. Sound of departing train.*]
BOOTBLACK (*to DUDE*). Don't slip up, Mr. Slicky.
[*Exit DUDE at street entrance.*]

(*Mrs. HUMMER, with basket of flowers, rushes in panting for breath and red in the face.*)

MRS. HUMMER (*to AGENT*). Give me a ticket for Pottsdam, quick.

AGENT. Madam, you're too late, your train is just pulling out.

MRS. H. (*excitedly*). Well, stop it then till I get on. (*To DEPOT MASTER.*) Here, mister, you holler at it to stop. I'll pay my fare on the train.

DEPOT MASTER. Can't do it, madam. I'm sorry for you but you'll have to wait for a later train.

MRS. H. That train's gone too soon. If you'd ben 'tendin' your business I'd ben on it. I'm on my way to Cousin Jedediah's funeral and 'Rastus run the horses most to death to get me here on time. I stepped over to Sally Tinker's back door jest 'fore we started to tell her I was goin' and to say good-bye, but I wan't there more'n two minutes. She made me eat a strawberry turnover but I most swallered it hull, I was that 'fraid I'd be late.

DEPOT MASTER. I guess your two minutes were twenty.

MRS. H. The idee! I never even stopped to tell Sally what Cousin Jedediah died of. Sally showed me the stripe for her new rag carpet, an' a new kind of a sunbonnet pattern, an' a new-fangled machine for buggin' taters, but I merely shot a glance at 'em. She wanted me to taste of her strawberry jam but I jest shut my lips tight an' hurried away. I know I'd got the train all right if you hadn't let it start too soon.

DEPOT MASTER. The train left just on time, madam.

MRS. H. I don't believe it, an' I ought to have a ticket for nothin' for gettin' left. When does the next train go?

DEPOT MASTER. In two hours.

MRS. H. I guess I'll telegraph to Polly Ann to put off the funeral till I get there. (*To AGENT.*) I want to telegraph to Polly Ann. Supposin', mister, you write down what I've got to say. (*AGENT writes as MRS. H. dictates.*) DEAR POLLY ANN: The train started too soon an' I'm left. If Jedediah knew how bad I feel 'bout it he'd turn over in his coffin. I promised him years ago that I'd let nothin' keep me from 'tendin' his funeral. The flowers I'm bringin' him will be all wilted but they prob'ly won't look any worse'n he does. I'm sending this telegram to tell ye to put off the funeral till I get there. It may be dark but the moon comes up early. If the preacher an' the singers hain't got there when you get this you better put off the funeral till to-morrow for I shall be so tired ridin' on the cars that I shan't be able to keep up under the grief. This ain't my handwritin' but it's from me jest the same. I'm tellin' a feller what to say. Good-bye. Your affectionate cousin, AMELIA HUMMER.

AGENT. Three dollars and seventy-five cents, madam.

MRS. H. *Three dollars and seventy-five cents!* What do you mean? Why I thought you could send a telegram for twenty-five cents.

AGENT. But you can only send ten words for twenty-five cents, and this message comes to three seventy-five, madam.

MRS. H. Well, I declare! 'Rastus is always sayin' that talk's cheap but I shan't believe it any more. You can jest tear that up, mister, and put down: (*Counting each word on her fingers.*) The train started off too soon and I got left. (*Pays him.*) I wouldn't miss 'tendin' that funeral for ten dollars but when it comes to payin' three dollars and seventy-five cents for sayin' a few words on paper an' mebbe get cheated out of 'tendin' the funeral besides, I ain't agoin' to do it. I must hurry an' find 'Rastus so's to ride back with him. He was goin' to do some errands. (*To DEPOT MASTER.*) The next time I come I'll be here early an' see that you don't let the train start 'fore it's time. [*Exit.*]

(*The ITALIANS sing or play some musical instruments, pass the hat and exeunt.*)

MRS. MARTINDALE. I wish you'd see how late our train is, Harry.

MR. MARTINDALE. You know already, for I asked just a few minutes ago.

MRS. M. What if you did; ask again.

MR. M. Well, I will in a minute.

MRS. M. Put down your paper, Harry, and ask him now. Can't you be obliging for once?

MR. M. (*aside*). Some women are so fussy.

MRS. M. I wish you'd get me a glass of lemonade and just step outside and see what time it is by the depot clock.

MR. M. I can't do three things at once.

MRS. M. I didn't ask you to. You men are so stupid.

MR. M. Well, which shall I do first?

MRS. M. See what time it is. No, I'm most choked, get the lemonade. (*As MR. M. starts off* MRS. M. *calls him back.*) You'd better look at the clock first for there might not be time to drink the lemonade, but oh, dear, I'm most choked.

MR. M. It won't do to let you choke, Mamie, so I'll get the lemonade. (*MR. M. goes to the refreshment stand.*)

MRS. L. (*to* MRS. M.). What a kind husband you have.

MRS. M. Oh, he's kind in his way. Like all other men, I suppose—takes his own time for doing things. Oh, dear, I'm most choked. I wish he'd hurry up.

MRS. L. I wouldn't give a cent for lemonade that was made in a jiffy. You have to give the sugar a little time to dissolve.

MRS. M. I just expect the train will come and we'll be left. It takes Harry so long to do anything. He stops and talks too

long. (MR. M. *returns.*) At last. (*Takes glass and sips a little.*) I can't drink this, Harry, it's too sweet.

MR. M. The man said it was first-class.

MRS. M. I can't help it if he did. It's too sweet and I can't drink it.

MR. M. Well, I can. (*Drains glass.*)

MRS. M. (*to* MRS. L.). You can see what I have to endure. (*To* MR. M.) Now bring me a glass of ice water and be quick about it for my throat is so dry I can scarcely swallow. (MR. M. *goes for water.*)

MRS. L. My husband never waits on me the way yours does on you.

MRS. M. I should hope not, for you'd have a hard time of it if he did. (MR. M. *brings water.* MRS. M. *takes glass.*) I wanted you to bring me a piece of ice in it. It probably would have melted, though, before you got here. (*Drinks.*) Now see again what time it is and how long before the train'll be here.

MRS. L. I should think your husband would want to sit down and rest awhile.

MRS. M. Rest! He wouldn't do anything but rest if I'd let him. He needs exercise to keep him healthy. My, I believe some lemonade would taste good if it was sweet.

MRS. L. I'll get it for you. Don't ask him again.

MRS. M. Thank you, but you needn't worry about Harry. He won't hurt himself. (MR. M. *returns.*)

MR. M. The train will be here in thirty minutes. It's two-forty now.

MRS. M. I wish I had some chocolates. I'm dying for some.

MR. M. I suppose you'll have to have them then. (*Starts off.*)

MRS. M. (*calling.*) I want some more lemonade too, Harry.

MRS. L. You're making a slave of your husband, don't you know it? He'll wear out waiting on ye.

MRS. M. (*laughing.*) A slave—wear out—what are you talking about?

MRS. L. And you'll die sooner than you ought to if you don't stir yourself a little.

(MRS. M. *looks disgusted and takes another seat.* MR. M. *returns with candy and lemonade.* MRS. M. *eats a chocolate and sips lemonade.*)

MRS. M. (*shivering*). Oh, Harry, it's so sour. You'll have to drink this glass, too.

MR. M. Give it to me then. (*Takes glass and drinks.*)

MRS. M. When we get home I'll make some lemonade that's right. Now move our baggage over here, Harry. That woman over there is just horrid and I won't sit by her any longer.

MR. M. There's no hurry about it.

MRS. M. But what if the train should come before we are ready?

MR. M. Well, I'll move the things in a minute.

MRS. M. Bring them now, Harry. I can't rest till you do.

MR. M. And I suppose I can't either. (*Moves baggage and starts off.*)

MRS. M. Now don't go away again.

MR. M. I must have a cigar.

MRS. M. No you mustn't. You had one not long ago.

MR. M. I had one this morning but I suppose that will have to do.

MRS. M. Now sit down, hold this box in your lap and take hold of this grip so you'll be ready to start the minute the train comes. And here's my wrap and umbrella. Where's the box with my new hat in it? I do believe you are sitting on it, Harry.

MR. M. No, it's on the floor right beside me. I can't forget it.

MRS. M. If you should I couldn't go to the opera to-morrow night. Are you sure you won't forget it, Harry?

MR. M. If I do it won't be your fault. (*Sound of arriving train. DEPOT MASTER calls train.*)

MRS. M. Oh, dear, I'm so afraid we'll leave something. (*Takes hold of his arm.*) [*Exeunt.*]

Enter two or three passengers who walk through the waiting room and exeunt at street entrance. At same entrance enter BRIDE and GROOM, arm in arm. GROOM seats BRIDE and goes to ticket office.

GROOM. Do you make special rates to brides and grooms?

AGENT. No, sir.

GROOM. What's the fare to New York for two?

AGENT. Thirty dollars.

GROOM. Gee whiz! It costs to take a weddin' tower, don't it? Guess we won't go further'n Albany. Ain't my wife

handsome? That's her over there. We's married about two hours ago and drove like Jehu to get here. You see we live about five miles out in the country. Be you married and did you take a tower?

AGENT. Do you want two tickets for Albany?

GROOM. Why, yes, I guess we might as well. We've started for somewhere and I don't know's it makes much difference where, just so the money holds out.

(Lays down money and takes tickets. Sits down by BRIDE and shells peanuts for her. She leans her head on his shoulder and eats them.)

BRIDE. Didn't we fool 'em slick, though, gettin' away?

GROOM. Fine, couldn't have been slicker. Rob and Dick said we couldn't get away without their knowin' it, but we give'm the slip all right.

Enter ROSY, MOLLY, ROB, and DICK at street entrance. One of the girls points to BRIDE and GROOM. They advance to where they are sitting and take them unawares.

ROB. Ha, ha, here you be havin' a cozy time all to yourself.

DICK. You didn't get off so slick after all. You can't fool us.

ROB. You'll have to treat, old boy, and the sooner the better. We'll look after the bride.

DICK. Number one cigars for us and number one chocolates for the girls, remember.

GROOM *(aside)*. Guess I'll have to change them tickets for Syracuse. I'm 'fraid the money won't hold out. *(GROOM goes to candy stand. MOLLY slyly fastens old shoes onto BRIDE and GROOM's grip.)*

ROSY. When will you be home, Marthy?

BRIDE. We haven't set any time yet. Charley says when the money runs out. How did you know we's here?

DICK. Oh, we know everything. Didn't have a bit of trouble finding you.

ROSY. Billy Brown told Belle Smith if you are gone very long you'll lose your place in the choir.

BRIDE. It's none of Billy Brown's business if we are gone six weeks. He'd find he'd got a job on hand if he tried to put me out.

ROB. That's right, Marthy, and we'll stand by you.

DICK. Billy's mad 'cause you didn't invite him to your weddin'. That's where the rub is.

MOLLY. Mrs. Brown says she'll never come to see ye. She will, though. She asked me forty questions about the weddin' and said she was goin' over in the mornin' to see your ma 'bout the next sewin' society.

BRIDE. Don't you worry, ma knows her. She won't find out anything.

(GROOM *returns. They eat candy and talk more about the wedding.*)

ROB. Well, we must be going. Sorry we can't stay and see you off.

DICK. Hope you won't get to quarreling before your honeymoon is over. A heap of good luck to ye.

[*All throw rice and exeunt with many good-byes.*

GROOM (*shaking off rice*). Gee whiz! How the stuff pricks a feller's neck.

BRIDE. What a shame they found us. Nobody'd had any idee we're just married if it hadn't been for this rice. (*Brushes rice off hat; to MRS. L.*) You wouldn't knowed it, would ye?

MRS. L. Oh, certainly not. I'm not quite sure of it yet.

GROOM (*indignantly*). You ain't! Well, we be married. Here's the license right in my coat pocket. (*Takes it out and shows it to her.*) We ain't 'loping nor pretending to be what we ain't. We're goin' to Albany on the next train, ain't we, little wifey? (*Puts his arm around BRIDE.*)

BRIDE (*with a very sweet smile*). Yes, husband.

GROOM. Be you convinced now, madam?

MRS. L. Fully, sir, fully.

GROOM. If you ain't I'll send you a copy of the *Brierville News*. The preacher's goin' to write up the weddin' in fine shape, tellin' all about the weddin' clothes we had on, how many presents we got, what they was and who they's from. We're going to buy twenty-five copies to send to our friends.

MRS. L. Suppose you send me a copy anyway. (DEPOT MASTER *calls train.*)

GROOM. That's our train, Marthy.

[*They pick up baggage and exeunt.*

Enter man and two children at street entrance. Man buys tickets and hands them to the girl.

FATHER. Keep bub off the track and don't let him get into mischief. Don't forget your bundles. Your train goes at four o'clock. Good-bye. *[Exit FATHER.]*

(Children take seats.)

MRS. L. Goin' somewhere, sissy?

CASSY. Yessum, goin' to visit Aunt Maggie.

JUPITER. I'm goin' too.

MRS. L. Of course you be, bubby. What's your name?

CASSY. Hisn's Jupiter and mine's Cassiopea. They call us Cassy and Jupy for short.

MRS. L. Got any brothers or sisters?

CASSY. A whole lot of 'em. *(BOOTBLACK listens to conversation.)*

MRS. L. What's their names?

CASSY. Pa named us all after the stars. Mars, he's fourteen—they don't nickname him. Mercury, he's twelve. When he's bad pa calls him a reg'lar blue pill. I'm eleven and Jupy's seven. The twins are ten. Their names is Regulus and Venus. We call 'em Gus and Veny. Saturn, he's five, Neptune's three and the baby's a year old. Pa said he was the best of the whole lot, so he named him Orion.

MRS. L. I guess your pa must be a pretty smart man and you children a lot of little shiners. Guess you had a bran' new dress made to go visitin' in, didn't you?

CASSY. Yessum, and a new sacque, too. Aunt Maggie wrote that white sacques was all the style for little girls, so ma made me one out of a flour sack and I put the trimmin's on it myself. *(BOOTBLACK sings the first line of "Thou Art so Like a Flower"—adding the word sack.)* Ma said if I didn't tell anybody folks would think it was bought at the store. The missionary society give me my hat.

MRS. L. *(to JUPITER)*. Did they give you a hat, too?

CASSY. No, ma made one out of pa's for Jupy. It's plenty big enough for him, but ma says he'll grow to it.

MRS. L. I suppose you'll have a nice time while you are out to Aunt Maggie's.

CASSY. Maybe. Aunt Maggie don't like children, but me an' Jupy are goin' to make her like us. Jupy's takin' her a mud-turtle and I'm takin' her a holder I made all myself.

JUPITER. Don't you think she will like me when I give her the mud-turtle?

MRS. L. I'm sure she will, bubby. Do you go to Sunday-school?

CASSY. I do, but Jupy don't. He took bees once with him in a box an' they got out an' stung the superintendent right on the nose. He called Jupy a wicked little star an' said if he didn't do better he'd make him see a whole lot of stars. One other time he caught a mouse in a box an' took it to Miss Goodwell. She's Jupy's Sunday-school teacher. Do you know her? She looks like you.

JUPITER. She's awfully homely.

MRS. L. Well, what about the mouse?

CASSY. When Miss Goodwell opened the box she screamed awful, an' the next day the preacher called an' told ma to keep Jupy at home till he was a little older. But he's goin' again when we get home.

JUPITER. You wouldn't scream at a mouse, would you?

MRS. L. No—yes—well, maybe not.

JUPITER. Mice don't hurt folks. You jest ought to see Sirius eat 'em.

MRS. L. Whose Sirius?

CASSY. He's Jupy's dog. Pa named him after the dog-star.

MRS. L. How long be you goin' to stay at your Aunt Maggie's?

CASSY. Ma said to stay till she sent us home.

MRS. L. What train be you goin' on?

CASSY. Pa said it was the four o'clock.

MRS. L. That's the one I'm goin' to take. I've been waitin' for it ever sence eight o'clock this morning.

CASSY. Oh, my, you must have seen a lot of folks.

MRS. L. Yes I have, more'n I've seen in many a day. It's ben as good as a circus.

JUPITER. I went to a circus once. I crawled in under the tent and I saw a boa-subtractor. Did you ever see one?

CASSY. He means a boa-constrictor.

JUPITER. Where do you live?

MRS. L. At Coffinbury.

JUPITER. Do they bury coffins there?

CASSY. Don't ask so many questions, Jupy.

JUPITER. Why not? Do they have mud-turtles an' fire-crackers an' little boys where you live?

MRS. L. Lots of 'em, bubbly.

JUPITER. Have you got any?

MRS. L. There's plenty of mud-turtles around but I hain't any firecrackers or little boys. (DEPOT MASTER *calls train.*) There's our train. Stay close to me and I'll look after you.

[*Exeunt.*]

(*Sound of departing train. No passengers left in depot. Enter COLLEGE QUARTETTE, at street entrance.*)

FIRST TENOR. Well, boys, it looks as if we've got it to ourselves.

BASS. For five minutes, perhaps.

SECOND TENOR. Better try one or two of our songs, hadn't we?

BARITONE. We need to bad enough, and we'll have time, for our train is twenty minutes late.

BASS (*to FIRST TENOR*). Buy our tickets first.

FIRST TENOR. All right. (*Buys tickets.*) Come on, boys, let's try our songs now. (*They group themselves and sing two pieces.*)

BASS. It's too stuffy in here. Let's wait outside.

BARITONE. Our train must be most here by this time.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter MR. WHITE and LILY. They go to ticket window.

MR. WHITE (*to AGENT*). How is you? I'm Mr. White and this is Miss Lily. (*She makes a sweeping bow.*) We've come to meet Miss 'Lizah. How long 'fore de train'll be heah?

AGENT. Three minutes.

LILY. What if 'Lizah don't come?

MR. W. Nevah you feah. 'Lizah won't miss de weddin'.

LILY. She said she was goin' to wear her party dress to travel in so she'll look fine. 'Xpect you an' she'll be steppin' off next.

MR. W. 'Xpect we will. 'Lizah's an angel, shuah she is.

(*Sound of arriving train. Enter ELIZA. She rushes into LILY's arms. They kiss. MR. W. puts hand on heart and casts side glances at them.*)

LILY. You look fine, honey deah. Where did you get that lovely hat?

ELIZA. At —— (*Local milliner.*)

Enter young colored man at street entrance.

MR. W. Hello, Gawge, how is you? (*They shake hands.*
MR. W. *introduces his friend to LILY and ELIZA.*)

GEORGE. Gwine to de weddin', I s'pose.

MR. W. Shuah, we'll all be dere.

GEORGE. Gwine to have a big time, I heah.

MR. W. Shuah dey is. Brudder Samson an' Brudder Zion's gwine to do de jinin', Miss Lily's gwine to play de weddin' march an' me an' 'Lizah's gwine to stan' up wid 'em. (*Boy hands dispatch to MR. W. MR. W. reads aloud.*) "Sick an' can't come. Am sendin' flowahs on de Numbah Foah." Guess we'd better wait for 'em, den dey'll be shuah to have 'em. If you's in no hurry, Gawge, wait wid us. (*All take seats.*)

Enter HAROLD and FLOSSIE.

FLOSSIE. I hope we won't see any one we know. Do you think they'll find us, Harold?

HAROLD. What if they do? I'll protect you, Flossie. I'll fight for you. You sit down here while I buy our tickets. (*To AGENT.*) Two tickets for Chicago. (*Puts tickets in pocket and takes seat by FLOSSIE.*)

FLOSSIE. Let's walk on the platform. I'm afraid papa and mama will be walking in on us.

HAROLD. All right. (*As FLOSSIE rises her handkerchief drops to the floor.*) [*Exeunt.*]

LILY. Dem's two runaways, shuah.

MR. W. Don't wonder he wants her. She's sweet's an angel.

GEORGE. Hope de old folks won't find 'em.

Enter MR. and MRS. LINTON.

MRS. LINTON (*wringing her hands*). Oh, William, do you think we'll find them? To think our Flossie should do such a thing.

MR. LINTON. I'll teach that young upstart a thing or two once I lay hands on him. I'll see if the ticket agent knows anything about them. (*To AGENT.*) Have you seen a pretty girl around here with a fellow that looks as if he didn't know much? (*MRS. L. walks the floor in great distress.*)

AGENT. A young fellow bought two tickets for Chicago for train Number Four. There was a young girl with him.

MR. L. Then give me two tickets for Chicago.

(HAROLD and FLOSSIE start to reenter, but on seeing MR. and MRS. L. they quickly draw back. MRS. L. finds handkerchief and sees FLOSSIE's name.)

MRS. L. Oh, William, here's Flossie's handkerchief. She's been here, but where do you suppose she is now?

MR. L. Don't worry. We'll soon find them. They bought tickets for Chicago and we'll follow them.

MRS. L. Foolish children! Won't I give Flossie a scolding.

(Sound of arriving train. DEPOT MASTER calls train. Exeunt MR. and MRS. L. and MR. W. MR. W. returns with box. A few passengers enter and take seats.)

MR. W. Dey come, you see. 'Xpect dey's mighty fine. Brudder Zion's on de way. I see him gettin' in de 'bus. We better take de flowahs right over.

[The two couples lock arms and exeunt.]

Enter HAROLD and FLOSSIE.

FLOSSIE. Where do you suppose they are by this time?

HAROLD. I saw them getting on the train, Flossie, and that's why I backed out.

FLOSSIE. Oh, Harold, what if there should be a wreck!

HAROLD. Don't worry, Flossie. When they see we're not on they'll get off and take the next train back.

FLOSSIE. All right. It's getting late and I'm most starved. I won't ever elope again. [Exeunt.]

(A few passengers settle themselves for the night, arranging pillows out of bundles, wraps, etc. As soon as they are asleep a train arrives and COLLEGE QUARTETTE enters.)

FIRST TENOR. It's pretty late, boys, to be getting home.

BASS (yawning). Shan't feel much like studying to-morrow.

BARITONE. I'm glad we haven't any engagements for to-morrow night.

(FIRST TENOR begins humming a good-night song, the others join in and they sing it through.)

CURTAIN

New Plays

PLAIN PEOPLE

A Comedy Drama in Four Acts

By Dana F. Stevens

Five males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening. A strong and human piece full of humorous character drawing and sympathetic interest. The cast is very even in opportunity, and all the parts are good. A great play for a good club, and a sure winner. Strongly recommended. Free for amateur performance.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

EZRA BROMLEY, *storekeeper.*

ALMIRA BROMLEY, *housewife.*

MARTIN JASPER BROMLEY, *college man.*

LIZA LIZ HANKINS, *brat.*

JUDGE JOTHAM MARLEY, *Christian.*

MELISSY WATKINS, *elderly maiden.*

JONAS JARROCK, *farmer.*

BELINDY JARROCK, *seamstress.*

HIRAM CURTIS PECK, *seller.*

APRIL BLOSSOM, *help.*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Sitting-room behind Ezra Bromley's store. Morning.

ACT II.—The same. Some days later.

ACT III.—At the Jarrocks'. Some weeks later.

ACT IV.—At the Bromleys'. Later in the evening.

FOOLING FATHER

A Comedy in One Act

By R. M. Robinson

Three males. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays thirty minutes. A clever little play easily done and very effective. The boys arrange a little burglary just to show the old gentleman what heroes they are, but somehow things do not turn out right for the hero part. Can be recommended.

Price, 15 cents

AT THE JUNCTION

A Farce in One Act

By Charles S. Bird.

Three males, two females. Costumes, modern; scene, an easy interior. Plays thirty minutes. A bright and vivacious little farce for two young couples and a comic station agent, very easy and effective. All the parts are first rate, and that of the station agent is a corker. Can be strongly recommended.

Price, 15 cents

New Plays

THE TIME OF HIS LIFE

A Comedy in Three Acts

By C. Leona Dalrymple

Six males, three females. Costumes modern; scenery, two interiors, or can be played in one. Plays two hours and a half. A side-splitting piece, full of action and a sure success if competently acted. Tom Carter's little joke of impersonating the colored butler has unexpected consequences that give him "the time of his life." Very highly recommended for High School performance.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

MR. BOB GREY.

MRS. BOB GREY.

TOM CARTER, *Mrs. Grey's brother.*

MRS. PETER WYCOMBE, *a "personage."*

MR. PETER WYCOMBE, *a "pessimist" with a digestion.*

DOROTHY LANDON, *secretly engaged to Tom Carter.*

MR. JAMES LANDON, SR., *Dorothy's father; of a peppery disposition.*

UNCLE TOM, *an old colored butler from the South.*

OFFICER HOGAN, *of the Twenty-Second Street Police Station.*

EETHER OR EYTHER

A Farce in One Act

By Robert C. V. Meyers

Four males, four females. Costumes modern; scene, an interior. Plays thirty minutes. A clever parlor play, similar in idea to the popular "Obstinate Family." Sure to please.

Price, 15 cents

THE MORNING AFTER THE PLAY

A Comedy in One Act

By Willis Steell

Two males, three females. Costumes modern; scene, an interior. Plays twenty minutes. An easy piece of strong dramatic interest, originally produced in Vaudeville by Christy Clifford. Free to amateurs; royalty required for professional performance.

Price, 15 cents

New College Plays

THE COLLEGE BALL

A Comedy in Four Acts

By Harry O. Osgood

Seven males, five females. Costumes modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays two hours and a half. Written expressly for school and college performance, and strongly recommended for this purpose. Easy to stage, all the parts good, plot of strong and sympathetic interest, lots of good and characteristic incident—in short, just what is asked for for this purpose. A sure success.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

TOM BRADFORD	} <i>Seniors.</i>	KITTY PETERS, <i>his daughter.</i>
DICK ADAMS		FRANCES WING.
HENRY CARTER		ELEANOR BRADFORD, <i>Tom's aunt.</i>
PHIL PATTEN	} <i>Juniors.</i>	SALLY PRENTISS.
GEORGE ROPES		A MAID.
PROFESSOR PETERS.		A WAITER.

TWO STRIKES

A Baseball Comedy in Two Acts

By Thacher Howland Guild

Six males, one female. Costumes modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays an hour and a quarter. Originally produced by The Mask and Bauble Society of The University of Illinois, and highly recommended for similar uses. Very easy to produce, all the parts of nearly equal opportunity, dramatic interest unusually strong; an unusually well written piece with excellent character drawing. Can be relied upon to please. Royalty of \$5.00 for each performance payable to the author.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

DEAN THOMAS, <i>Dean of under-graduates.</i>	PHIL HODGE, <i>a senior.</i>
ARTIE, <i>his student office-boy.</i>	CAP. FOSDICK, <i>of the team.</i>
LAN SPAULDING, <i>of the baseball team.</i>	EBEN SPAULDING, <i>Lan's uncle.</i>
	HELEN HODGE, <i>Phil's sister.</i>

AN EQUAL CHANCE

A Sketch in One Act

Two male characters. Scenery unimportant; modern costumes. Plays twenty minutes. A bright little rapid fire piece for two light comedy men. Light but keenly and continuously amusing. Just the thing to have ready for extemporaneous performance, since it requires neither scenery nor properties, and can be done in any costume.

Price, 15 cents.

Novelties

HOW THE CLUB WAS FORMED

An Entertainment in Three Scenes

By Mrs. O. W. Gleason

Author of "How the Story Grew," "A Modern Sewing Society," etc.

Eighteen females. Costumes modern; scenery unimportant. Plays one and a half hours. A humorous skit on the Woman's Club suited for performance by either young or middle-aged women. Full of points and chances for local hits and thus a sure laugh-maker. Parts well distributed; can be recommended.

Price, 15 cents

A MOTHERS' MEETING

An Entertainment in One Scene

By Arlo Bates

Author of "A Business Meeting," "A Gentle Fury," "An Interrupted Proposal," "Her Deaf Ear," etc.

Ten females. Costumes modern; scenery unnecessary. Plays thirty minutes. A good-humored and amusing satire of this institution suited for performance by middle-aged as well as young ladies. Can be made very amusing by the introduction of local points, as in all such entertainments. All the parts are good and of nearly equal opportunity. Well recommended.

Price, 15 cents

MAIDS OF ALL NATIONS

An Entertainment in One Scene

By Maude Burbank

Author of "A Pan of Fudge," etc.

Fifteen females, one male. Costumes of the nations; scene, the usual tableau arrangements. A pleasant variation of the "Bachelor's Reverie" introducing fifteen pretty girls in the costumes of as many nations. Plays thirty minutes. Recommended for its simplicity and picturesqueness. Its one male character may speak or not, as preferred, and may be played by a girl if desired.

Price, 15 cents

New Entertainments

OUR CHURCH FAIR A Farcical Entertainment in Two Acts

By Jessie A. Kelley

Twelve females. Costumes modern; scenery unimportant. Plays an hour and a quarter. A humorous picture of the planning of the annual church fair by the ladies of the sewing circle. Full of local hits and general human nature, and a sure laugh-producer in any community. Can be recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

MRS. ROBERTS, <i>who wants to be president.</i>	MRS. LAWSON, <i>plump.</i>
MRS. HENRY, <i>young, giddy, fond of novels.</i>	MRS. BROWN, <i>anxious to get new church attendants.</i>
MRS. JACKSON, <i>the president of the society.</i>	MRS. ADDISON, <i>very inquisitive.</i>
MRS. BRETT, <i>on the dinner committee.</i>	MRS. RIDGELY, <i>sensitive.</i>
MRS. LEWIS, <i>the minister's wife.</i>	MRS. OTIS, <i>on the dinner committee.</i>
	MRS. THOMPSON, <i>decidedly close.</i>
	MRS. DREW, <i>just married.</i>

THE RIVAL CHOIRS An Entertainment in One Scene

By Sherman F. Johnson

Seven males, four females. Costumes eccentric; scenery unimportant. Plays one hour. A novelty in musical entertainments, introducing the old choir and the new in competition. A novel setting for a concert, offering an interesting contrast between the old music and the new. Lots of incidental fun, character and human nature. Sure to please. Originally produced in Meriden, Conn.

Price, 25 cents

A THIEF IN THE HOUSE A Comedy in One Act

By R. M. Robinson

Six males, one playing a female character (colored). Costumes modern, scenery, an interior. Plays forty-five minutes. A first-class play for male characters only, of strong dramatic interest with plenty of comedy. A play that can be recommended, in spite of its lack of female characters, to any audience.

Price, 25 cents

New Plays

A MASQUE OF CULTURE

By Annie Eliot Trumbull

Two male, ten female characters. Costumes, classical; scenery, unimportant. Plays about an hour and a half. A reprint of this clever and widely known satire. It deals with ladies and gentlemen well known in historical society, and discusses them with abundant wit and humor. Confucius and Socrates are summoned by Minerva to a convention of ladies, equally well known to literature, held in Boston. They return to the Shades and to Minerva with a depressing account of these ladies and their transactions. Ideally suited for the use of schools and ladies' clubs both by its subject and its admirable treatment. Can easily be played by women only if desired, and can be gotten up with very little trouble or expense.

Price, 25 cents

ROMANTIC MARY

By Alice C. Thompson

Four males, four females. Three acts; costumes modern; scenery two easy interiors, or can be played in one. Plays two hours. A very pretty and effective piece, high in tone and very amusing. A haunted house and a very polite and considerate ghost contribute a pleasing mixture of humor and excitement to a very well-balanced cast of characters. All the parts good. An easy piece, well recommended.

Price, 15 cents

A HOLE IN THE FENCE

By Esther B. Tiffany

Four males, three females. Two acts; costumes modern; scenery, an exterior—a garden. Plays an hour. A farcical comedy of high class, very amusing and not difficult. Irish, Negro and Swedish comedy character; all the parts effective. Can be strongly recommended to the best taste.

Price, 25 cents

THE UNDOING OF JOB

By John Stone

Three males, four females. Three acts; costumes modern; scenery, a single interior. Plays an hour and a quarter. An amusing comedy with a small but well-balanced cast, high in tone, and strongly recommended for drawing-room performance, as it is easy and effective and can be produced under the simplest conditions. Professional acting rights reserved.

Price, 25 cents

New Plays

OUR WIVES A Farce in Three Acts

By Anthony E. Wills

Seven males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours and a half. A bustling, up-to-date farce that deserves the rather worn description of "side-splitting." Full of movement and action; all the parts good and effective; easy to produce; just the thing for an experienced amateur club and hard to spoil, even in the hands of less practical players. Free for amateur performance.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

ROSWELL CHANDLER, *a retired merchant.* (Old Man.)
WALTER BLAIR, *his son-in-law.* (Comedy Lead.)
OSCAR SIEBEL, *a composer.* (German.)
LLOYD DEVEAUX, *a chronic invalid.* (Character Old Man.)
JOHN STANTON, *a detective.* (Comedy.)
MALLORY, *a reporter.* (Comedy.)
FORD, *an expressman.* (Utility.)
GILDA DEVEAUX, *wife of Deveaux.* (Lead.)
MRS. CHANDLER, *wife of Roswell.* (Old Lady.)
BEATTIE BLAIR, *wife of Walter.* (Straight.)
JULIA, *a French maid.* (French.)

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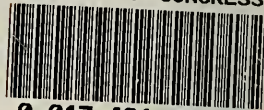
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